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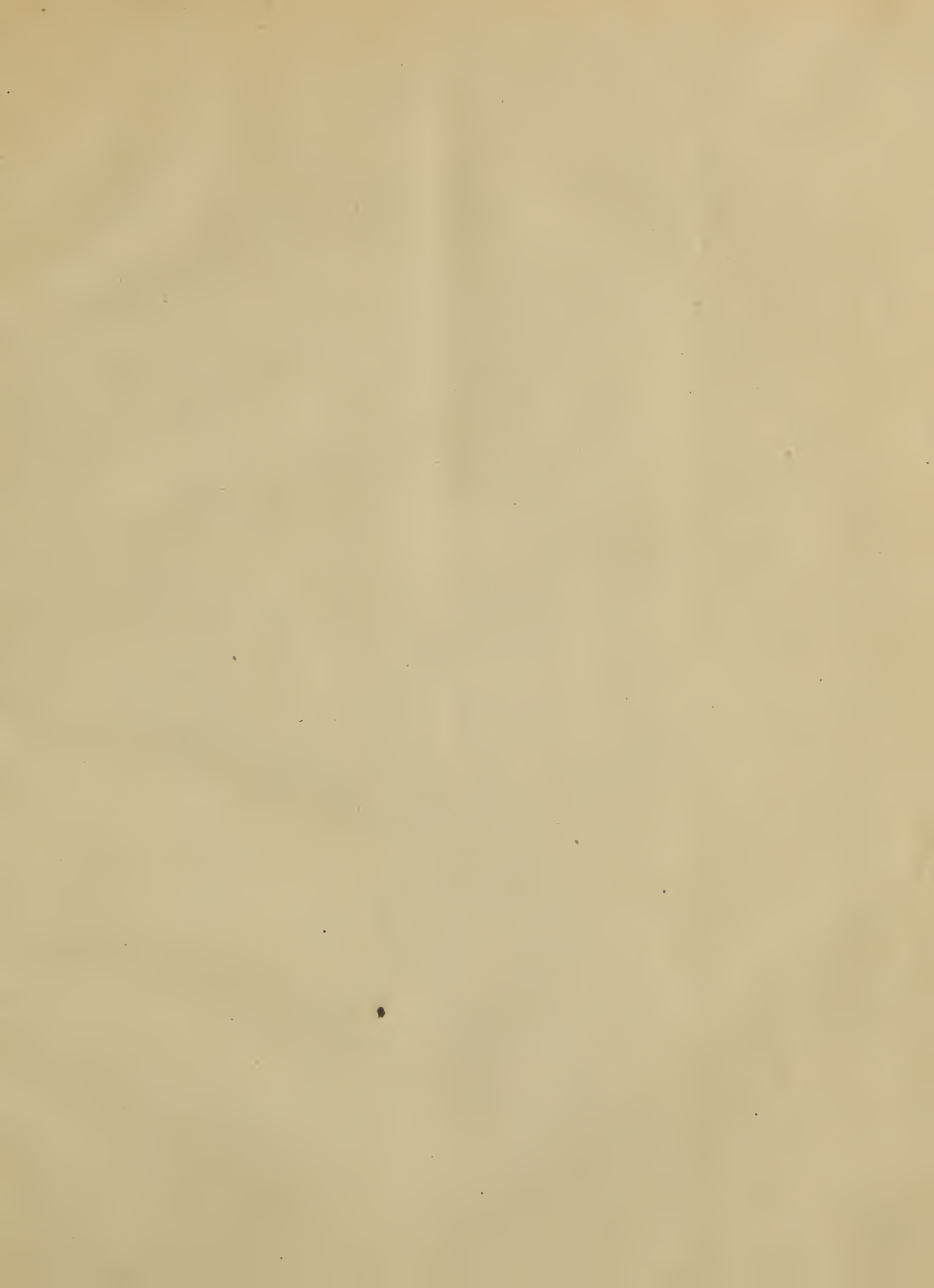
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(Recorded Vol 30. Page 810)

STORIES ABOUT EGYPT.



GRAND HALL OF KARNAC.

Sanford

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY.
CLEVELAND, OHIO:
JEWETT, PROCTOR, AND WORTHINGTON.
NEW YORK: SHELDON, LAMPORT, AND BLAKEMAN.
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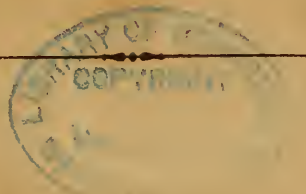
STORIES ABOUT EGYPT,

WRITTEN FOR CHILDREN,

BASED UPON

THOMPSON'S "EGYPT, PAST AND PRESENT."

BY
Hanaford, Phoebe Ann (Coffin)
L. e.
"MRS. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD."



BOSTON:
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STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

STORIES ABOUT EGYPT.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

AFAR beneath the tropic sun
There is a country fair ;
Dear children, let me tell you why
I'd gladly wander there.

It is a land of flowers and birds,
Clear skies, and breezes bland ; —
These call not loudest to my soul,
Nor yet its ruins grand.

But I would see the land where once
Those Bible scenes transpired,
Which, pondered in life's early morn,
My youthful soul inspired.

I'd see where Joseph once was carried,
And as a slave was sold,
Yet, by his God protected, rose
Till Egypt's court he ruled.

'Twas there in Egypt Moses slept,
The silvery Nile beside,
Till Pharaoh's daughter found the child,
And saved him from the tide.

There years before did Isaac find
Egyptian wife so fair,
And by the well-side Jacob, too,
Met lovely Rachel there.

There was the ancient church of God,
In bonds by Pharaoh held,
Till, o'er the Red Sea's wondrous road,
To flee in haste compelled.

Yet Egypt is not wholly fair ;
It has one deep, dark stain ;
Still human beings dwelling there
Are bound in slavery's chain.

O that the gospel might be spread
O'er all that land afar,
Till with the Sun of Truth shall rise
Fair Freedom's beaming star.

POMPEY'S PILLAR AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

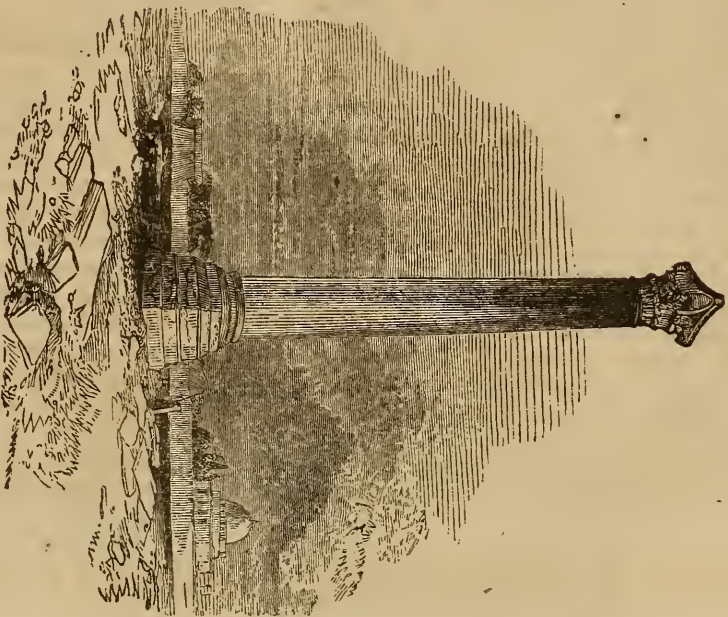
MY young friends, I wish to set before you a true picture of life in Egypt as it is this very day ; and I have chosen the interesting work of a late traveller there to aid me in placing vividly before your mental vision the sights and sounds, the magnificence and ruins, the tyranny and the slavery, of that far-distant country, which, as your maps teach you, lies in the north-western corner of Africa, having on the north the beautiful Mediterranean, and on the east the renowned Red Sea, over which the children of Israel so miraculously passed, while far away to the west stretches the dreary Desert of Sahara, with its burning sands.

In the month of January, 1853, this traveller entered Egypt by way of Alexandria. Early on the morning after his arrival, he walked out to one of the gates of the city, — for this city, like many of the larger towns of the East, is surrounded by walls, — and, to use his own graphic words, “Immediately without this gate we came for the first time upon a truly Oriental scene. Upon a large, open area, camels, sheep, and buffalo oxen were reposing, while their owners were chaffering, pipe in hand ; a caravan of camels, laden with merchandise of various sorts, was entering the gate ; the tall

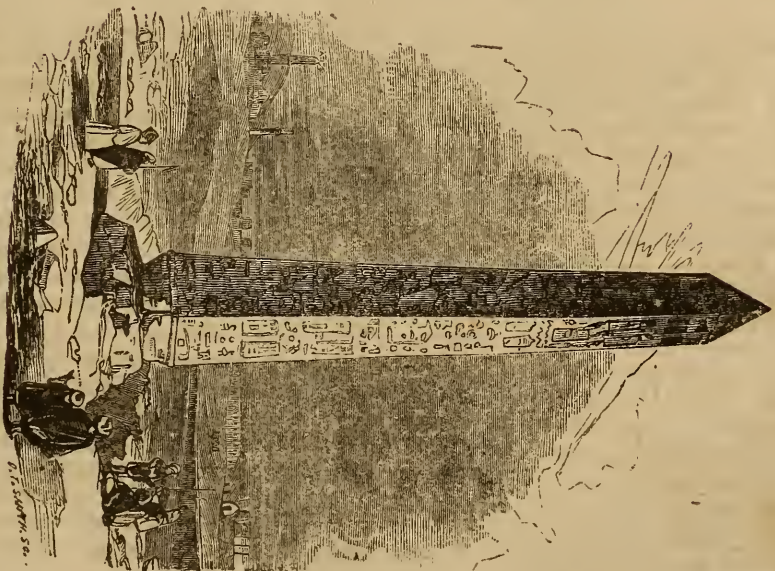
palm tree lifted its spreading top towards the noonday sun, while groves of acacias, lining the roads, offered their cooling shade. On a neighboring mound stood a solitary Arab, his gaunt figure and turbaned head in bold relief against the sky ; the diminutive donkey, urged forward by his driver's prong, went nimbly by ; a score of wolfish dogs barked and howled at the approach of strangers ; but above their clamor were heard the myriad voices of birds, whose freedom had never been invaded by the sportsman, and whose song was in harmony with the delicious air and the gorgeous drapery in which all nature was inwrapped. To complete the picture, the minaret that overlooks the bazaar loomed in the distance, and immediately before us Pompey's Pillar reared its stupendous mass of polished granite in solitary grandeur.”

Little is known of the origin of this pillar, and the inscription upon it seems to show that the name it now bears was not its original one. It is a column of red granite, ninety-nine feet in height and thirty in circumference.

There is no method of attaining the summit, and thus securing an extended view, as the children who ascend Bunker Hill Monument can obtain ; but some years ago, as I



Pompey's Pillar.



Cleopatra's Needle.

have read, a party of English sailors resolved upon reaching the top of this towering pillar. They commenced their plan of ascent by flying a kite directly over the summit; then, by their expertness, they gradually caused a rope to reach from the earth thither, drawing it over, and securing it, till finally they were enabled to climb the rope, and stand triumphant on the perilous eminence. Here they hoisted the English flag, spent a season of rejoicing, and at night returned to their ship. Probably no others ever stood where they did since the pillar was reared in Egypt.

Besides this pillar, there are but two other relics of the former splendor of Alexandria. These are called Cleopatra's Needles, though they are probably misnamed, as the hieroglyphics upon them date as far back as the time when the Israelites fled from Egypt. Each pillar is a single block of red granite

about seventy feet high, and nearly eight feet in diameter at the base. Only one is standing, which is shown in the picture; the other lies half buried in mud and sand.

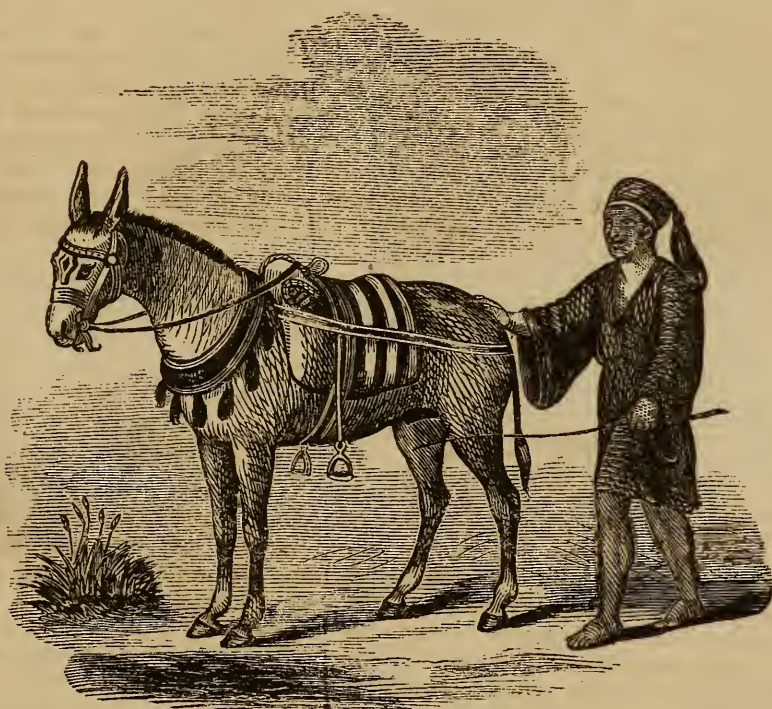
Cleopatra, whose name these obelisks now bear, was the last native and independent Queen of Egypt. She was a very charming woman, but far from being a good one. She finally caused her own death, after being taken captive and losing her throne. It is supposed that an asp was conveyed to her, at her own request, while she was imprisoned, by a peasant, and in a basket of figs. She allowed the asp to bite her, and consequently died. These scenes occurred about twenty-eight years before Christ was born. Had she lived in later times, and been a follower of Jesus, she would have conducted far differently. Such a course as hers would never have met the approbation of the humble and compassionate Saviour.

SIGHTS IN ALEXANDRIA.

A FEW days after his walk to Pompey's Pillar, our traveller began to prepare for a voyage up the Nile. To do this he must first select a boat; and as it was inconvenient to walk to all the places he must visit, he accepted the aid of a donkey. You have a fair view of that animal and his attendant in the picture. How different he looks from the richly caparisoned horse which a traveller might have in our country! And one would certainly suppose that boy was in a warm climate to observe his scanty dress, with its flowing sleeves. Whenever a stranger goes, a troop of these donkeys follow. When one first steps into the street he is instantly surrounded by donkey boys, desirous of obtaining employment, and clamorous in urging him to ride. Our traveller counted ten so near the door of the hotel, blocking up the passage, that he had to exert himself to get into the street. The first time he attempted to ride a donkey the saddle girth was not fast, and he fell over into the mud. This was more laughable than dangerous, as

the animal was only two and a half feet high. The traveller says, "It was, however, a great event to the other donkey boys, who at once clustered around me, crying, 'That bad donkey; here good donkey, good saddle.' I was soon astride of another, and our cavalcade moved gayly forward. Each donkey is followed by a driver, and obeys his orders instead of his rider's. When you are walking or gently trotting, an unseen thrust of the driver's stick into the donkey's haunches almost jerks you from your saddle, as the poor beast jumps to quicken his pace, and again at the top of his speed, a pull at his tail brings him and you to a dead halt." The traveller adds what may interest you, young friends, viz., "The pace of a donkey is generally a very pleasant amble, and he is such a patient and docile little creature that he would make a desirable addition to the sports of children in our country villages."

Our traveller visited many places of interest in Alexandria, and among them *the slave mar-*



Donkey and Driver.

ket, which, alas! "still exists there in open day. The market is an enclosed area of about one hundred feet square, with rows of cells upon three sides, in which the slaves are kept" till purchased. They are allowed to range the yard, but several are made to occupy one apartment, where they eat and sleep upon the ground. And when he was there, most of the slaves were women and children. My young readers, how would *you* like to share the fate of those unfortunate children? If their mothers should be sold to one purchaser and the children to a different one, they might never meet again on earth.

One of the slaves interested our traveller exceedingly. She was a Nubian girl of about sixteen, and "her only clothing was a piece of blue cotton cloth, not made into a garment, which hung from one shoulder about her waist to her knees; she was stout and hearty, but her countenance was as sad as any I ever looked upon; and in her nakedness and degra-

dation she showed the native modesty of woman by shrinking from the presence of strangers into the den allotted to her. I asked her price," says the traveller, "and was told she could be purchased for a hundred dollars. Perchance she was the daughter of some Nubian chief, whose misfortunes in war had doomed his family to slavery; no doubt she had a *home*, however rude, — perhaps father, mother, brothers, sisters, — from which she had been torn away forever."

O, how dreadful is this system of slavery, so wicked in the sight of God, and so productive of misery to the oppressed! It is wrong for any nation to enslave human beings, but especially is it wrong for slavery to exist where the people are enlightened and profess to be a Christian nation. Little readers, when you pray at night, do not forget to offer up one petition for the poor slave, and for his master too — that his master may forsake his iniquity and the bondman may be freed.

THE BAZAAR.

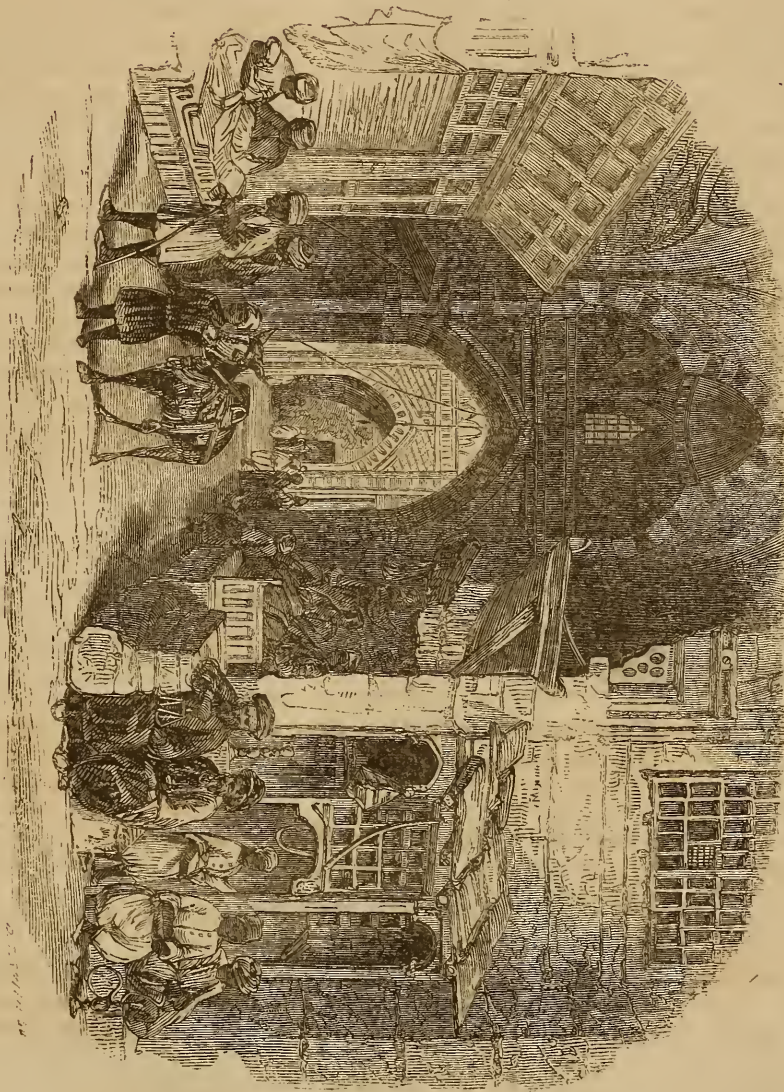
WHILE our traveller was waiting in Alexandria, he sauntered into the garden of an English gentleman, and enjoyed there the rich perfume and the gaudy hues of the flowers of every clime, and the delicious view of orange groves, reminding him that he was far away from his home in the temperate zone. But he saw also, in this garden of a hundred acres, tomatoes, peas, beans, celery, cabbages, cauliflower, radishes, turnips — vegetables so familiar as to remind him of home, and which were all ripe for the market, though it was the

middle of January, and winter was reigning in New York. The difference served to remind him how far he was from his own fireside.

On their way home from this garden they had a donkey race; and when they reached the hotel they found that they had only to pay "*twelve and a half cents* each, for animals which, with their drivers, had been in attendance four hours."

Sometimes, while in Alexandria, our traveller and his companions, one of whom was a lady, went out to make purchases at the shops.

Dear children, you would be surprised
 Egyptian stores to view;
 "Bazaars" they're called, and curious look,
 When to the sight they're new.
 Just glance across — the picture see —
 How strange it looks to you and me!



The Bazaar.

Outside the houses, in their stalls,
The merchants sit all day,
Scarce rising e'en to show their goods,
Or to receive their pay :
Such indolence we'd scarce commend —
Ne'er imitate them, little friend.

The baker, with his oven round,
Of mud, beside his door
In early morning may be seen,
His thin cakes buttering o'er ;
And women, veiled, are sitting there
Upon the ground, in trade to share.

No newsboy meets the traveller there,
No postman there he sees ;
But janizaries, armed and stern,
Each lawless one to seize.
There may the barber, too, be seen,
Who shaves the head, but not the chin.

Behold the scales that merchant holds !
Of justice oft they speak ;
But O, Egyptians are not just,
Or every chain they'd break,
That each poor slave, who croucheth there,
Might once again be free as air.

Alas ! that where kind Nature showers
Her gifts in bounteous store,
The people, as in our fair land,
Still love the glittering ore ;
So that immortal men are sold,
And kept in bonds for sordid gold.

Great God ! the eyes of men unclosed,
Till they their crime shall see,
In buying, selling, chaining those
Whom God himself made free.
O, haste and bid the bondman see
The slave's triumphant jubilee !

SAILING ON THE NILE.

THE boat in which our traveller and his friends sailed up the Nile was called a *Dahabieh*. You will see by the picture that it looks far different from any of the boats to be seen in Boston harbor ; but it proved a very comfortable home for the travellers during the weeks that they spent upon the bosom of the river, which was once the object of Egyptian adoration. The traveller remarks, "Now we are fairly afloat upon the most historical, the most fertilizing, the most wonderful river in the world. But what a dreamy atmosphere is this! — bland, bright, pure, dry, the thermometer at nearly seventy in the shade! What a soil is this, covering even the borders of the

desert with fertility! What an illimitable extent of field without fence, or tree, or any landmark, clothed with the richest verdure, the springing wheat, the fresh and fragrant clover, or upturned by recent ploughing to the cheerful sun! What vast herds of cattle, mingled with flocks of goats and sheep, the patient donkey and the lazy camel stretched upon the sward! What multitudes of birds, making the air vocal with their song, skimming the surface of the water, and alighting with pleasing confidence upon the deck of our vessel!" Would you not like to visit the Nile, my youthful readers, and view all this scenery on the river's banks yourselves?

Our traveller left his pleasant home
To seek for health afar ;
And sought upon the beauteous Nile
The dawn of health's bright star.

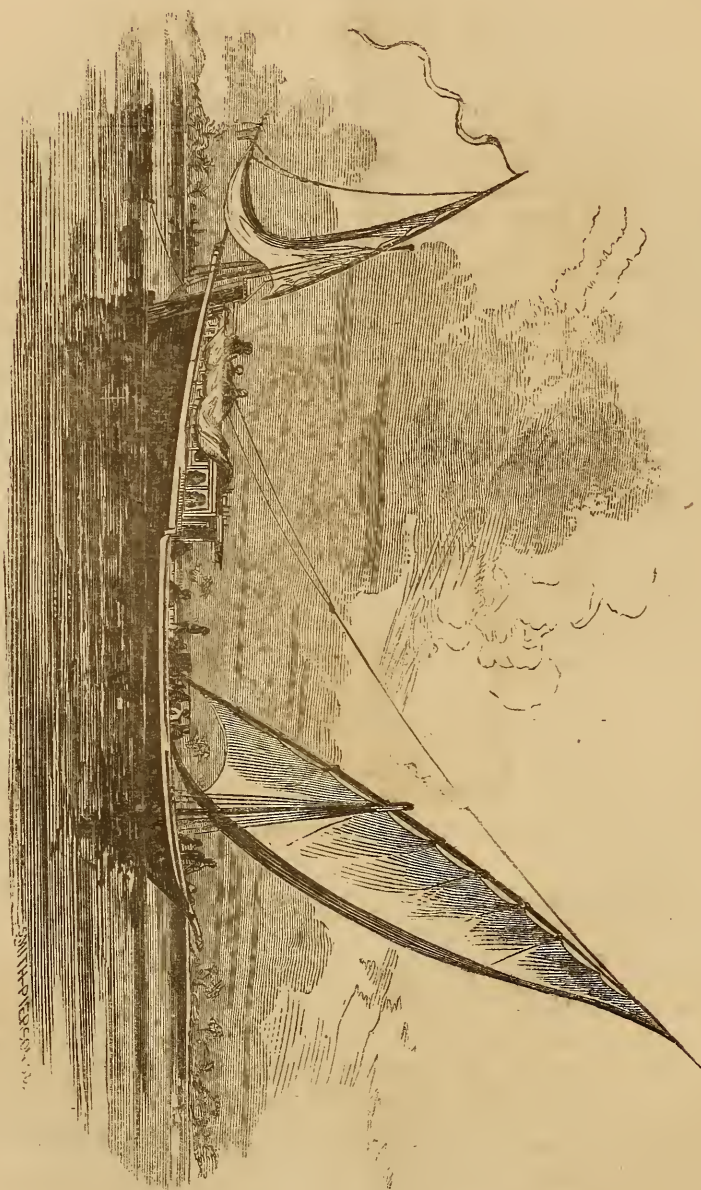
God blessed him on the pathless deep,
Till when, in Egypt fair,
He felt a "boyish gush of life"
Beneath that balmy air.

Then sailing up the mighty Nile,
Or resting on its wave,
He wondered not Egyptians loved
In this bright stream to lave.

All soft the breezes fanned his brow,
E'en mid the sultry noon ;
And glorious were those sparkling waves,
Beneath the silver moon.

Methinks that while his life remains,
That traveller, evermore,
Will love the memory of the Nile,
The scenes upon that shore.

Sailing on the Nile.



A NILE VILLAGE.



Orange Girl.

ALONG the banks of the Nile are many villages, the houses of which are "built of bricks made of the mud of the Nile, mixed with straw, just as it was in the time of Moses, and dried in the sun." They are mere huts, with mud chimneys, and raised benches of mud, which are used for beds when mats are spread upon them. There are mats upon the roofs also, for sitting or sleeping; for in these Eastern countries the nights are so free from dampness, and also so warm, that sleeping on the roof is very common. How strange it would seem to you and me, young reader, to lie down upon our pillows and gaze up at the starry heavens!

In the yard of these hovels the cows, camels, sheep, goats, and donkeys are kept during the night. We can easily imagine that the place cannot be very cleanly. "Each house has one or more dogs, which lie about the door or on the roof, and yelp hideously at the approach of a stranger."

The streets are narrow, but then they never have carriages to pass through them; for, "except in Alexandria and Cairo, there is not a wheeled vehicle in all Egypt." Are you not glad, little friends, that you do not reside in these miserable villages? Be ever thankful that God has placed you in such pleasant, clean, and comfortable homes.

But, after all, the dwellers in these dismal mud hovels are more happy than the poor slave, even if he dwells with his master in the midst of splendor; for they are free, and are not liable to be sold far away from their dear families and friends. Mere physical comfort does not repay the loss of that priceless possession — liberty.

But I must tell you about the picture of the orange girl. There are *bazaars* in these villages; but so little business is done that twenty-five cents' profit in a day would be considered a good day's work. In front of the bazaars sit the orange women, veiled as you see, leaving only the space around the eyes uncovered, with their baskets of delicious oranges by their side; and in some places one can buy a hundred oranges for fifty cents.

"The sorriest sight in an Arab village is the children." Boys ten or twelve years old are often seen without clothing, with the exception of a little skull cap, while younger urchins wear nothing but a string of beads. This scantiness of apparel is the result of poverty. "The little girls are always clad in some way, and the boys don't seem to know the difference. Indeed, children *will* be happy some how; and it is a blessed thing that they can be. But O, for Sabbath schools and boys' meetings in this land of degradation! It is the thought of what these naked, sore-eyed urchins are to be in their condition here and their destiny hereafter that makes your eyes water and your heart bleed as you look upon them."

I would not be an orange girl,
In hut of mud residing,
Ne'er daring to remove my veil,
Through fear of some one's chiding.

I'd rather be a school girl here,
With playmates gayly bounding;
O heavenly Father, thanks to thee
For joys my path surrounding.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

OUR traveller says, "If one would see pastoral life" (which, you are aware, means the life of a shepherd) "in its primitive simplicity, just as it was in the days of Abraham, let him come and look over the plains of Egypt upon such a scene.

"Yonder is a family tending a mixed flock of sheep and goats. The oldest, a lad of twelve, has not a shred of clothing except a little skull cap; his three little brothers are in the same situation, except that the youngest is minus the cap also, and has a great string of beads around his neck. Their little sister is done up in blue cotton. They have a reed fife, and are

as happy as the lambs with which they are frisking."

Instead of going to school as you do, children, decently and comfortably clad, these poor children have no school to attend, and most of them grow up very ignorant. The country around them is beautiful, and often gay with vast fields of poppies; but, however beautiful their land may be, they are not as favored as the children who dwell in our colder climate, with its ice-bound shores, but who possess also the blessings of education.

Their methods of cultivating the land are exceedingly rude. Their ploughs are very simple,



Egyptian Women on Donkeys.

and they sometimes yoke a camel and a cow together to draw them. A traveller in Palestine assures us that it was once customary to yoke a woman and a donkey. From this fact we can judge a little of the condition of women in Egypt. The picture opposite shows you how they are accustomed to carry their children. Our traveller says that "the one great occupation of the country is that of getting the water of the river up into the houses and over the land. This is the business of the women. Nearly all the water used for drinking and for cooking is brought from the Nile, as there are few wells in the country. Every morning you will see the women of the village, in long rows, coming down to the river, each with one or two water jars, to be filled for the day's supply. One of these is usually carried on the head. The women of the villages wear a blue cotton garment, *unmade*, but wrapped about the person, and a cotton head-piece of the same color, which is fastened about the forehead, and hangs down over the shoulders, and which may be drawn closely about the face.

It is astonishing to see them rise from the ground with a weight of from thirty to fifty pounds on top of the head, and, without even steadying it with the hand, climb up a steep and crumbling bank thirty feet high, and walk briskly a quarter of a mile. This gives them their erect stature and upright gait, and counteracts the effect of the bad air of the hovels."

We read in ancient history of a man who commenced lifting a calf while very young and light, and by daily practice was enabled to lift him when full grown. The female children in England are accustomed to take long walks, increasing them as they grow in years, till finally an English lady is able to walk several miles each day. It is from pursuing a similar course that the women of Egypt are able to carry such burdens on their heads. Our traveller remarks, "I was greatly amused one day at seeing a little girl, not four years old, strutting alongside of her mother with a tiny water jar on her head, as if she were a new-made queen."

Say, children, does this picture move
To laughter or to pity?
Such curious sights are often seen
Within an Eastern city:

These women walk like English maids
Out doors in early morning;
Health's roses winning to their cheeks,
While yet the day is dawning.

More graceful for those heavy loads
Is each Egyptian maiden,
And gladsome, even when her head
With water jars is laden.

And labor, if the laborer's free;
We ever must remember,
Contrasts as much with that of slaves,
As June with cold December.



Woman and Children.

THE SHADOOF.

THE soil of Egypt is sometimes so parched by the tropical sun of that region that it is found necessary to water it artificially. A large portion of the country is inundated every year by the overflowing of the Nile; but all the rest of the watering is done artificially, since no rain falls on that land. The machine most commonly used for this purpose is called the *shadoof*. "It consists of a pole swung between two upright timbers, and having a stone or a ball of mud at one end, and a bucket

of skin at the other. A little trench is cut from the river, which feeds a pool below the level of the stream, and from this the water is dipped up by the bucket, and poured into another trench." Through little canals the water is conducted from this trench over the fields. It is hard work to dip up so much water; and "all day long the half-clad laborer at the *shadoof* moans his monotonous song." The picture gives a good idea of this machine.

Behold where flows the silvery Nile,
Where lofty palm trees grow,
And fruits delicious ripen fast
Beneath the tropic glow.

How rich the scene with beauty rare!
And yet how strange and sad!
Reminding of those southern climes
Where hearts are seldom glad.

As laborers in this picture seen,
So toil the o'ertasked slaves,
Who, 'neath the frowns of overseers,
Are sighing for their graves.

Too many dark-browed human forms
In slavery are bound,
Far from the light of learning's torch,
Far from the gospel's sound.

O, who can tell, though fair those scenes,
How sad their hearts may be,
Who, unrequited, daily toil,
Ne'er numbered with the free!



The Shadoof.

The great Libyan desert touches upon the very banks of the Nile—an immense arid waste, with but few signs of life upon it. "Here and there a few stunted shrubs marked where the sand was a recent deposit upon a

good soil; and the sight of a little girl tending a solitary calf, far from any human habitation," showed how desirous the poor Egyptian peasant is to improve every inch of fruitfulness.

CAIRO.

THIS city has been styled by travellers "Cairo the Magnificent," from the gorgeous beauty of its palaces and gardens. In the winter and spring it has a delicious climate, and our traveller says, "One never tires of strolling under the acacias or in the flower gardens, of witnessing the game of throwing the lance, and other sports around the *cafés* on its border, of visiting the bazaars, and studying from every accessible point Oriental character and life." Some of these Oriental scenes are not very pleasant; as, for instance, when one meets "men dragged in chains to be enrolled in the army, with a troop of mud-besmeared women screaming and wailing around them; nor women trudging barefoot, with enormous burdens on their heads, while their lords ride beside them on donkeys; nor delicate little girls scraping up with their hands the street manure, and putting it in baskets on their heads, to be taken home and dried for fuel." But there are other scenes as strange to American eyes, and peculiar to the East, which are more interesting and sometimes splendid, as one meets a "portly Turk, in rich shawl and turban, mounted on his noble steed; the Copt, with his dark turban and robe, jogging along upon a donkey; or a splendid carriage, preceded by couriers with wands to prepare the way for a portion of the pacha's harem, enveloped in a profusion of silks and laces, to take the evening air."

I wish, dear children, that you could visit the beautiful gardens of Cairo. You would be delighted if you could once enter them, and a long summer's day would be too short to spend in those enchanting places. "The gardens are laid out somewhat in European style,

and are kept with great neatness and care. They abound in roses and geraniums of every variety, and in orange trees of various qualities. In the centre of the immense plantation is a marble basin of two hundred feet diameter, with water several feet in depth, supplied by machinery from the Nile, and numerous fountains, with curious devices, that scatter their showers on every side. The whole is of marble, and is surrounded with a spacious corridor, in each corner of which is a room elegantly furnished. Here, on a summer evening, while the fountains are playing, and jets of gas give a fairy illumination to the scene, the owner sails in his gayly decorated boat, or quietly smokes his ornamented pipe upon the central platform, or lounges on the divans under the corridor," and realizes much that there is of beauty and splendor in an Oriental scene.

About three miles from Cairo is a narrow island walled up with solid masonry to resist the encroachments of the river. The gardens of a *pacha* (who is a kind of governor) cover nearly the whole of this island. They are superintended by an Englishman, and contain the trees, fruits, and flowers of every clime. A beautiful artificial grotto of shells, facing the river, affords a cool retreat at one end of the island.

There is a nilometer on this island, which is a large cistern, by which the rise of the river is measured. When it reaches a certain level, they open the sluices or water gates, and permit the river to flow over the land. They celebrate this day with public rejoicings; for were it not for the Nile, their land would be as barren as a desert in that rainless climate.

Cairo.



Opposite this island, which is called Rhoda, is a place named Geezeh, where one may see the old Egyptian method of hatching chickens from eggs deposited in ovens. To those chil-

dren who have been accustomed to see the mother hen sitting on her eggs day after day, till she finally brings out a brood of little chirpers, this would seem very strange.

THE SLAVE MARKET.

ONE of the saddest places to visit in Cairo or any other city is the slave market. It is painful to visit the prisons and houses of correction where old and young people are confined for the crimes they have committed; but, then, we know that this imprisonment is deserved, and therefore it is not half so sorrowful a sight as to behold a slave market, where innocent human beings are kept in undeserved bondage. In Cairo you may visit such a market for the unholy practice of buying and selling human beings; and there "you may look on the black daughters of Nubia, and have them gather round you in their rags, and beg you to buy them, because any change would be to them better than to remain in that den. Perhaps you might here find the daughter of some grief-stricken Hassan — perhaps of some palm-tree prince, who has met the misfortunes of war. At all events, you would see, through this grease, and rags, and matted hair, a girl, a woman, with a woman's heart, and a soul yearning for the freedom of its native home." O, how cruel is that system which condemns even women and children to such unhappiness!

You perceive that the name of Hassan is mentioned above. Let me tell you what our traveller says of him. Hassan was engaged at Alexandria to be steersman of the boat up the Nile, and had received the impression that they would go far enough for him to see his wife and three children, whom he had not seen for six months. He had not heard from them, for neither he nor they can write, and if they could there is no mail there; but he sent word by a boat that went before them that he was

coming, and then he purchased new clothes for himself and them. When he discovered that the boat was only going as far as Thebes, he was very much disappointed. They tried to comfort him; but his heart was wounded, so that he could only sit in silence and smoke his pipe as his only solace, now and then pointing towards his home when the passengers spoke to him. "I called him to me," says the traveller, "and showed him some beautiful and accurate sketches of the Nile, taken near his home. He recognized them, and a beam of joy lighted up his features; but he turned away, and said he felt as if he must cry. I asked him if to look at the pictures every day would not do as well as to go home. He said the sight of them made him lose his heart, and he had better never look at them again. I never witnessed more genuine, manly sorrow. The domestic attachments of the poorer classes in Egypt and Nubia are very strong. Yet Hassan's native Nubia is still a hunting ground for slaves. I have seen his countrymen and countrywomen in the slave markets at Alexandria and Cairo."

Does it not seem wicked to steal such people, with so much sympathy and love of home, from their native places, and sell them as slaves, who must never more do as they please, but must bow to the will and caprices of a self-styled master? It cannot be obeying the golden rule to steal, or sell, or hold slaves.

But we will turn from this sad topic, and think about the picture of ladies riding on donkeys. Do you think we should like to ride in this manner? I think not.

We'd like upon our faces bare
To feel the balmy breeze,
And hear, with ears uncovered oft,
The birds among the trees.

Yes, little maiden, you and I
Would rather walk than ride,
If we so strangely clad must be,
And veil ourselves beside.

A STREET IN CAIRO.

ON the next page is a view of a street in an Egyptian city. How different it looks from any street in Boston! Do you observe that tree, apparently growing from the top of a house? In cities where there is little room upon the ground, the people are obliged to make their gardens, if they wish any, on the tops of their houses, and such places are called hanging gardens." We read in ancient history of very large and beautiful hanging gardens which were built in the city of Babylon.

It is well that the camels and donkeys of Egypt are such docile animals; for here you see that they move along with men and women around them, seeming to care far less for their presence than if some high-spirited horse were careering along.

There is one part of Cairo where the English and French have stores, which make the scene quite natural; but our traveller says, if you would see Cairo as it really is, supposing that you were there, you must "turn your donkey into this little arch, that you must stoop to enter, and that looks like somebody's front gate, and follow up the alley, turning all the sharp corners, and twisting round and round, and crowding up against the wall to make room for a donkey or a camel loaded with water skins, or for a fine lady buried in a huge, inflated sack of silk, with a pair of gold or silver eyelets peering through a long white veil of richest lace, and shining slippers, covered with embroidery, peeping out from full-

laced pantalets, that droop over a saddle of soft, rich Turkey carpets, the whole pile preceded and followed by a train of meek attendants in fancy turbans and glossy beards. Now you begin to see the East. But jog along, straining your neck to catch a glimpse of the blue streak of sky, up, up through the crevice where the overhanging balconies of lattice work and palisaded roofs do not quite meet, and wondering whether within *these* walls are the marble courts, and open fountains, and the silk divans, and the windows and lanterns of stained glass, and the little black slaves in red and yellow slippers, gliding about with coffee in golden cups upon silver platters, of all which you have read in story books, but which you never expected to see, and cannot well contrive to see even now. So still jog on, your donkey picking his way among the pipe bowls of reclining Turks at the gates and by the coffee houses, till at length you reach that grand repository of Oriental wealth and magnificence — the Turkish bazaar. But no donkey must amble here; and so, dismounting, you walk among piles of silk and cashmere, compressed into little closets, four feet by six, amber mouth-pieces, jewelled pipe stems and bowls, golden coffee cups, displayed in little cases of glass, perfumes of Arabia, gums and spices of the Indies, all ranged before these diminutive stalls, where by day the owner sits cross-legged over his concentrated wealth, and by night locks it up with a wooden lock



A Street in Cairo.

upon a wooden door, and knows that it is safe."

In Cairo there are "immense areas, in which grain and beans are piled up like mountains of sand, no doubt as they were in the days of Joseph. They need no covering where it never rains. Here, too, are piles of large, fresh, luscious oranges, at twenty cents the hundred. Alas! all is not poetry in the East, for here are also to be seen miserable hovels, around

which ragged men and naked children, swarming with flies, are sunning themselves; and on a splendid avenue of acacias and sycamores were little girls scraping together with their hands the refuse of passing animals, to be dried for fuel to cook their scanty meals." If we would present a true picture of Egypt to you, children, we must speak of the unpleasant as well as the delightful scenes one may behold there.

LUXOR FROM THE WATER.

CÔME, children, gaze with me upon
An Oriental scene,
Beneath a blazing, tropic sun,
All strange to us, I ween.

The camels seek the river side,
To quaff its water pure;
While on its bosom vessels glide,
To seek a farther shore.

Behold the mighty ruins there,
And see the obelisk rise,
While palm trees, too, in beauty rare,
Are towering to the skies.

Then think of this — that years ago
That mighty ruin rose;
It saw the Christian era dawn,
And yet may see its close.

Four thousand years those stones have stood
In massive grandeur there.
Who now, among the wise and good,
Would raise such temples here?



Luxor from the Water.

We need them not, for when each stone
Falls from this temple fair,
Our country's name, though later known,
Immortal life shall share.

For here shall Jesus reign as King,
His precepts all obey,
When Freedom's song the slave shall sing,
And sorrow flee away.

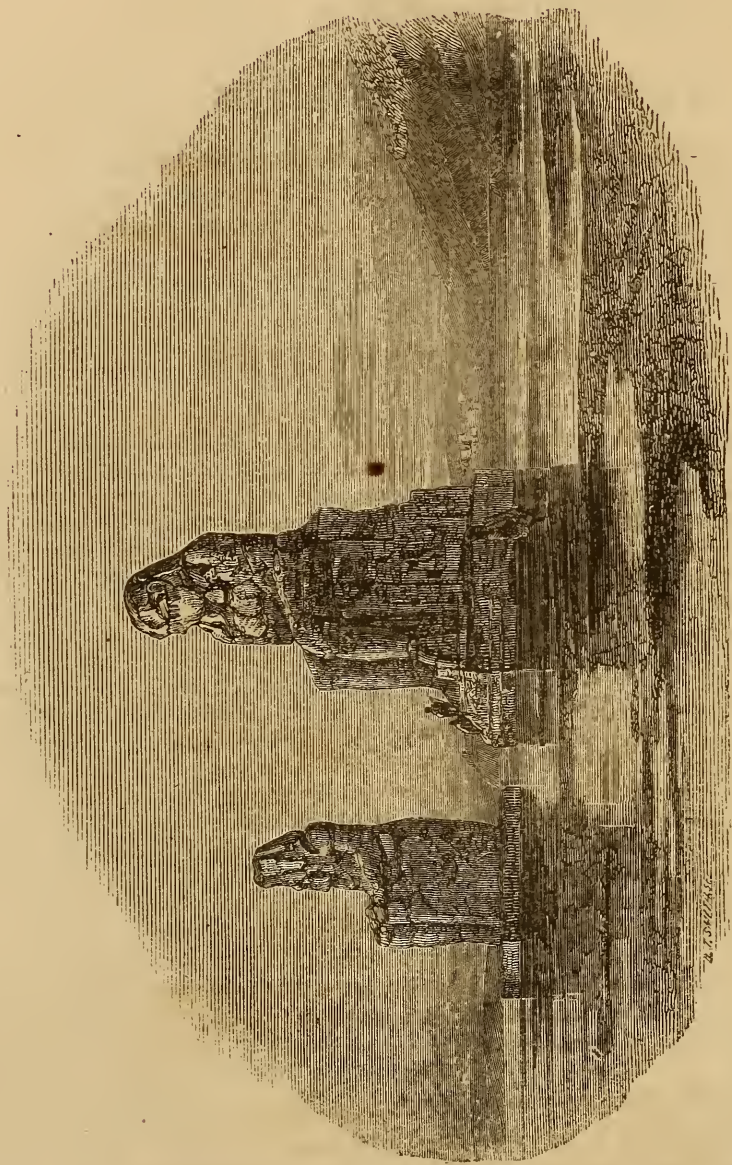
THE TWO COLOSSI.

EGYPT contains many mighty ruins, at once stupendous and magnificent. The ancient kings of that country were in the habit of constructing immense stone edifices, to be used as tombs for their bodies when they died, and also hollowed enormous caves in the solid rock, and elaborately carved them with every variety of beautiful figures, for the same purpose. Their tombs were far more elegant in many instances than their dwelling houses. It is supposed that the pyramids of Egypt, which tower in solemn grandeur on the plain, and are seen for a long distance by the traveller sailing on the Nile, were constructed as tombs for the race of the Pharaohs or monarchs of Egypt; and no doubt many slaves were here driven to toil so hard that death speedily came to their relief. Alas, that in death should be the only hope of the slave for rest from cruel toil and bondage!

Among these mighty ruins of ancient Egypt are two gigantic statues in the form of men, sitting with their hands upon their knees. They are about sixty feet in height and seventy feet apart. There is only one larger statue of the kind near them, and that is fallen, and measures seventy-five feet from head to base, and is hewn from one block of *sienite*, a kind of granite, whose name was taken from a famous rock at Syene, in Upper Egypt, of which many monuments were formed.

The Egyptians who built these statues believed that when the morning sunbeams first

fell upon the most eastern of them, its lips would utter one melodious sound, like the vibration of a harp string, thus welcoming the returning day. Their idolatrous priests themselves caused the sound, and the people were so ignorant they believed the false story they chose to tell about it. Our traveller visited these statues, and thus speaks of his visit: "As we sat before the statue of Memnon on our donkeys, I saw a boy of fifteen, with a solitary rag around his waist, scrambling up the side of the statue, and presently he was completely hidden in its lap, just where the sly priest used to hide himself over night; then striking with a hammer the hollow, sonorous stone, it emitted a sharp, clear sound, like the striking of brass. It was not sunrise, but the middle of a scorching afternoon; yet Memnon sounded. Moreover, it was Washington's birthday; and as the statue once sounded three times to salute the Emperor Hadrian, we made it utter three times three salutations to the rising Empire of the West. The sound had not yet died on my ear when the shirtless boy was at my side, crying, 'Backshish!' for he, like all priests, must have his gratuity for his temple service. 'Half a piastre,' said the guide. I should have been ashamed to pay only two cents for such a gratification had I not remembered that this, and its equivalent in treacle, is all that the present potentate of Egypt pays his subjects for a day's labor in his sugar fields. The boy was satisfied."



The two Colossi.

KARNAC.

IN Karnac, while the brilliant moon
Shed round her mellow light,
The traveller stood, and raptured gazed —
O, long-remembered night!

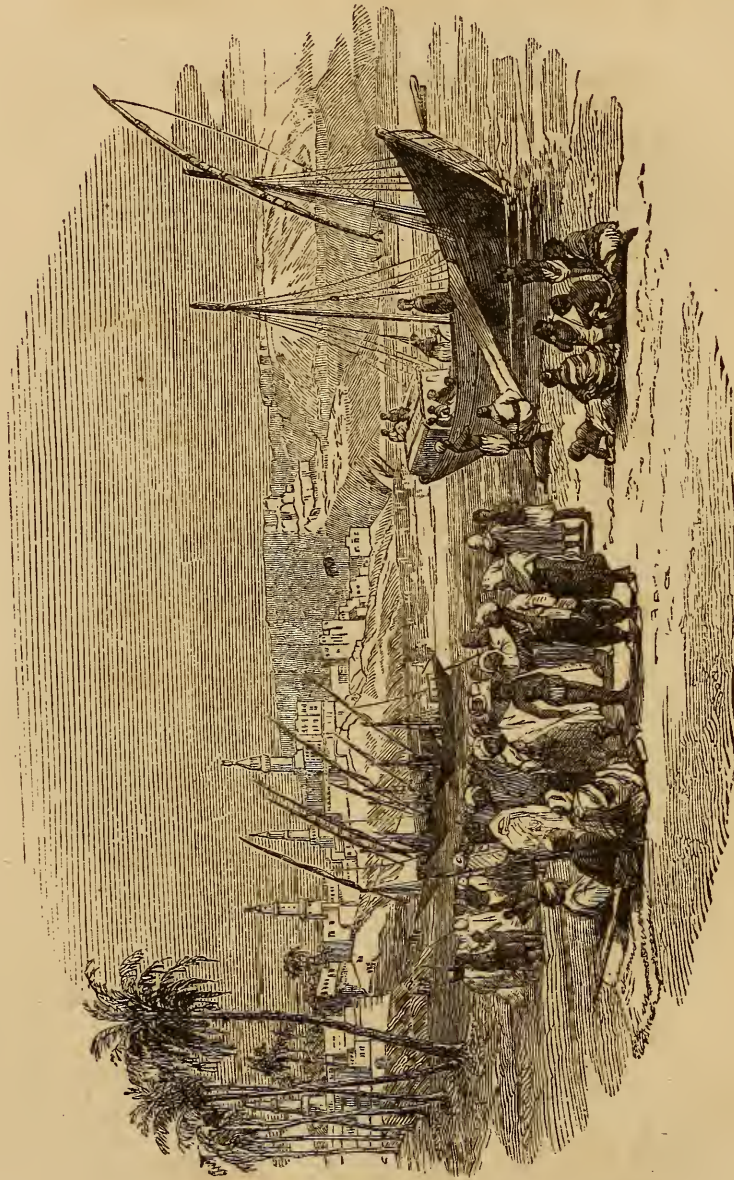
The temple in its grandeur stood
In massive beauty rare,
And Egypt's rise, and growth, and fall
Were pictured to him there.

He thought upon her ancient fame,
Her pride in days of yore,
And saw that God in wrath had thrown
Her idol worship o'er.

She bowed not to the King of kings,
She held in bonds the slave,
And God her wickedness repaid,
And desolation gave.

The Arab hovel plastered now
Above Sesostris' tower,
Proclaims that ruin, death, and shame,
O'er sin, like storm clouds, lower.

O, may our nation wisdom learn
From nations passed away,
One God proclaim, and free the slave —
Shout "Truth and Liberty."



A Slave Boat at Girgeh.

A SLAVE BOAT AT GIRGEH.

DEAR children, now another sight
Of sadness meets our eyes ;
A boat whose freight, immortal souls,
Are slaves to him who buys.

A story sad it brings to mind,
How, far upon the sea,
A ship was searched to find some slaves,
And set the captives free.

No slave they saw, till from a cask
Was heard a moaning sound ;
They opened it, and lo ! sad sight,
Two slaves, half stifled, found —

Two girls, torn from their parents dear,
And borne far out to sea,
Their kindred, friends, and native land,
O, never more to see.

And far abroad such kind of casks
Were floating o'er the deep,
Within which other slaves were made
To sleep their last, long sleep.

How horrible this tale, yet true !
And stories such are told,
Full oft, of those who steal mankind,
To sell, as slaves, for gold.

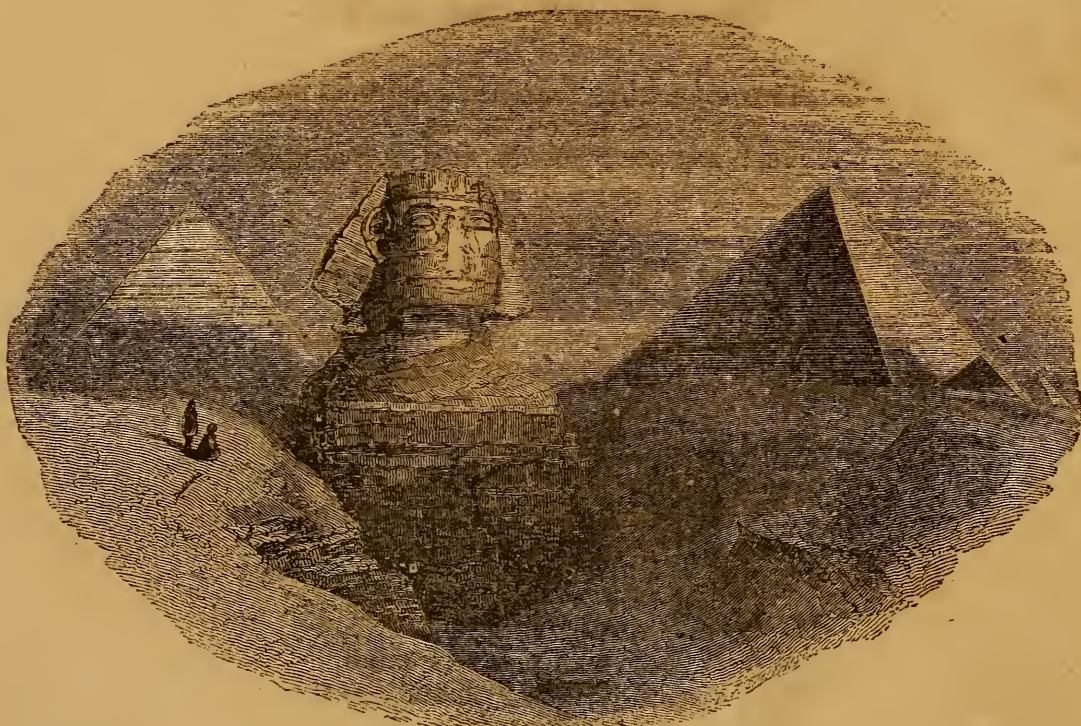
O, better far is poverty,
With Christian peace of mind,
Than riches gained in this vile trade
Of selling human kind.

THE SPHINX.

ONE of the most mysterious and impressive monuments of Egypt is the Sphinx, which represents a human head upon the body of an animal. It stands on the verge of the desert, whose sands are heaped around it, and measures more than sixty feet from the ground to the crown of the head, more than a hundred feet around the forehead, and nearly a hundred and fifty feet in length, all cut from the solid rock.

Our traveller ascended to the summit of the

pyramids, which are among the wonders of the world, and were more than a century old when Abraham came into Egypt. "Abraham looked with wondering eyes upon this self-same monument, and heard the *then* dim tradition of the tyrant who, having built it for his own sepulchre by the sweat and blood of half a million of his subjects, was compelled to beg of his friends to bury him privately in some secret place, lest after his death his body should be dragged by the people from the hated tomb.



The Sphinx.

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